

FREMONT JOURNAL.

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

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Office, as formerly, on Front street, opposite Deane's new building.
Fremont, Nov. 23, 1890.—37

Eclectic Physicians.

DOCTORS Wm. W. Karshner & Wm. H. Knappell.—Office: South East corner of Pike and Front streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or both of us will be found at all times to attend to professional calls.

Fremont, July 24th, 1892.—15.

FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, MAY 28, 1893.

NUMBER 18.

Poetry.

For the Journal.
The Friendless Pilgrim.
BY A. E. HARDING.

On a mossy turf in the gloomy wood
Where the plane in silence frowned;
And the giant oak in grandeur stood
Mid a streamlet mournful sound;
A pilgrim sat; a rosy youth,
A spirit brave; a gallant heart;
Till passion dried the fount of truth
And bid its limpid stream depart.
His wasted form, a shallow cheek,
His haggard brow with thoughts replete;
A dark and burning eye,
Sunken in its socket deep;
Now flash in vivid, cloudless rays
The story of his recent days
The story of his recent days
He told the wanderer why,
He told, with tears and sighs and lone,
Unheeded and below'd by none,
Abandoned in this wild retreat.
A manly soul lived in that breast:
And royal blood in his channels awoke;
But list! thou M— must sing the rest
As thou canst best the story tell.
Deep sighed the wind—the leafy bough
Above that wretched head—
The only watch to keep him now,
The only love to smooth his brow.
He called for aid—then wildly spoke—
But Mercy's voice was dumb:
The faint dim echo only broke
The gloom that o'er him hung.
He looked about, but none were near:
No humane form to see or hear;
No gentle tongue to calm his sighs,
No snowy hand to close his eyes.
A thousand visions came and go
Of loving ones and joyous hours;
The darkness sealed his frame of woe,
Or mid-day closed its morning flowers.
And now a dream fills o'er his soul:
"O sweet, too bright to last—
A female's arm of angel mould
Is round his sinking body cast.
But ah! he gasps—his light is dead—
The dream is past—the vision fled—
His aching heart, his fevered lips,
No more the cup of sorrow sips.
The vale is crossed—the goal is won—
The shores are reached—his wandering done.
The sun looked down; its burning ray
Upon that pallid patient lay—
A timeless rest, a shape unknown,
A timeless rest, a shape unknown,
The stream flowed on—its dirge-like song
Is echoed thro' the woods along—
A wail sad, the wild birds cry,
Alone sigh out his requiem there.

Miscellaneous.

From Thackeray's Barry Lyndon.
First Love Fruitless.

At fifteen, there was scarce a lad of twenty,
For half a dozen miles round, that I had not
beaten for one cause or other. There were
the vicar's two sons of Castle Brady—in course
I could not associate with such beggarly boys
as them, and many a battle did we have as to
who should take the wall in Brady's town;
there was Pat Lorgan, the blacksmith's son;
who had the better of me four times before we
came to the crowning fight, when I overcame
him; and I could mention a score more of my
deeds of prowess in that way, but that fustian
feels dull subjects to talk of, and to discuss
before high-bred gentlemen and ladies.
However, there is another subject, ladies on
which I must discourse, and that is never out of
place. Day and night you like to hear of it;
young and old, you dream and think of it;
handsome and ugly, (and, faith, before fifty,
I never saw such a thing as a plain woman)
it's the subject next to the hearts of all of
you; and I think you guess my riddle without
more trouble. Love! sure the word is forced
on purpose out of the prettiest soft vowels
and consonants in the language, and he or
she who does not care to read about it is not
worth a fig to my thinking.

It may possibly be becoming for ladies to
fall in love only once in their lives—viz. with
the happy individual on whom their hands are
bestowed; it may, I say, be possibly becoming
and virtuous in them to bring virgin hearts
to St. George's, Hanover square; and it is
certain that the jealous, greedy, selfish sultan,
Man, would so confine their affections, if he
could, nor allow them to think and feel until
such time as he chooses to select them as ob-
jects of his favor. But for his own part, the
whiskered lord and master, is by no means
so squeamish, as every man of tolerable sensi-
bilities will aver who reads this, and will take
the trouble of computing how many times
from his earliest youth up to the present of
this sentence, he has given way to the tender
passion.

Can any man lay his hand upon his waist-
coat and conscientiously say, "Until I saw the
present Mrs. Jones, I never was in love in my
life?" Can any man say so? He is a poor crea-
ture if he can; and I make no doubt he has
had at least forty first loves since he began
to be capable of admiring at all. As for the
ladies—them, of course, I put out of the ques-
tion; they are fresh, no doubt; they never fall
in love until mamma tells them that Mr. So-
and-so is an amiable young man, and in every
way eligible; they never flirt with Captain
Smith at a ball; and sigh as they lie at home
in bed, and think what a charming, dashing
fellow he is; they never hear the young curate
read his sermon so sweetly, and think how
pale and interesting he looks, and how lonely
he must feel in his curacy-house, and what a
noble work it would be to share the solitude,
and soothe the pains, and listen to the delig-
hful doctrine, of so excellent a man; they never
think of attaching themselves to any mortal
except their brother, until he brings home a
young friend from college, and says, "Mary,
Tom Atkinson admires you hugely, and is
beir to two thousand a-year!" They never
begin the attack, as I have heard; but their
young hearts wait like so many fortresses, to
be attacked and carried after a proper period
of siege—by blockade, or by bribery, or by
captivation, or by fiery escalade.

Whilst ladies persist in maintaining the
strictly defensive condition, men must natu-
rally, as it were, take the opposite line, that
of attack; otherwise, if both parties held aloof,
there would be no more marriages; and the
two hosts would die in their respective inac-

tion, without ever coming to a battle. Thus
it is evident that as the ladies will not, the
men must take the offensive. I for my part,
have made in the course of my life, at least a
score of chivalrous attacks upon several
strongly fortified hearts. Sometimes I began
my works too late in the season, and winter
suddenly came and rendered further labors
impossible; sometimes I have attacked the
breach madly, sword in hand, and have been
plunged violently from the scaling ladder into
the ditch; sometimes I have made a decent
lodgement in the place, when—bang! blows
up a mine, and I am scattered to the duce!
—and sometimes when I have been in the very
heart of the citadel—at, that I should say it!
—a sudden panic has struck me, and I have
run like the British out of Carthage.
One grows tired after a while of such perpetual
activity. Is it not time that the ladies should
take an innings? Let us widowers and bac-
cheters form an association to declare that for
the next hundred years we will make love no
longer. Let the young women come and
make love to us; let them write us verses; let
them ask us to dance, get us ices and cups of
tea, and help us on with our cloaks at the
hall-door; and if they are eligible, we may
perhaps be induced to yield and say, "La,
Miss Hopkins—I really never—I am so agi-
tated—ask papa!"

My day is over, however, my race is run,
and the above hint is only thrown out for
those who shall come after me. But in the
matter of love I showed my genius early; and
if in after times I achieved, as shall be shown,
vast and signal victories over the fair sex, this
fact only proves my merit and courage the
more; for in my first affair I was woefully
unsuccessful.

Ah! that first affair, how well one remem-
bers it! What a noble discovery it was that
the boy makes when he finds himself actually
and truly in love with some one! What a
delicious, magnificent secret it is that he car-
ries about with him! My first love was like
my first gold watch (an elegant French gold
repeater). I used to go into corners, and
contemplate and gloat over my treasure; to
take it to bed with me, and lay it under my
pillow of nights, and wake of mornings with
the happy consciousness that it was there.—
What a change does that blessed first love
make in a lad! You fall in love, say of a
Sunday; a young woman at church, modestly
hands you the palm-book, and blushes and
drops down her eyes, as she tremulously sings
the Old Hundredth. By the time the music is
done, you have passed over into a new state
of existence, and your childhood lies far
away from you. It was only on Saturday
that you had made a party for cricket, and
were longing for Monday to be a fine day.—
It was but last Friday, Heaven bless us!—
that you and Harry Hunter had been exam-
ining curiously a certain apple-tree in Farm-
er Smith's orchard, and had settled (after
knocking down one of the fruits with a stone,
and trying each of you a slice of it) that the
apples would be ripe in about a fortnight, and
the tree in a fit state for robbing. Fash! it
is possible that only three days since you
had an ambition for robbing orchards, and
looked forward to the pleasure of hiding a
store of the stolen pippins under your bed!
Is it possible that the setting up of three yel-
low stumps upon a meadow, and the dexter-
ous knocking down of them, should have been
the chief ambition of your life? There lies
the cricket-ball, which you greased carefully
over night; before going to church even, you
looked at it to examine its condition, and I
believe spent the best part of the half-hour
during sermon in the morning in cutting a
pair of bales for the wickets. Evening ser-
vice is over. Fanny Edwards and her moth-
er have slowly strolled home over the fields
to tea; and as you pass by Smith's apple-
tree, you blush to think that you could ever
have had a longing for the silly green codlins
shining among the leaves, and put away your
wicket sticks in a rage. And what is the
cause of all this? You and Fanny have been
holding on by one hymn-book; you have
done it any time these six years; but what
made her blush and you tremble so this
time? She is eight years older than you
(that follows, of course); and if there was a
humiliation for you in the world some few
months back, it was to be obliged to walk
with her.

What a change now!—ah, gods, what a
royal change! How different is Fanny Ed-
wards! What has happened to her that she
has become an angel since yesterday? or
what strange enchantment has fallen upon
you, that she should seem like one? Shall
we go on in this strain, and discourse through
this entire chapter upon the nature and pec-
uliarities of love, and its influence upon the
youthful bosom? No, no! such things had
best be thought about, not spoken of. Let
any man who has a mind to do so fall back
on his chair, dropping the book out of his
hand, and call back the sleeping sweet remi-
niscences of his early love-days—long before
he ever saw Mrs. Jones. She, good woman,
has sent down half-a-dozen times already to
say that tea is waiting. Never mind; sit still,
Jones, and dream on. Call back again that
early, brilliant, immortal first love. What
matters what the object of it was? Per-
haps a butcher's daughter down the village;
perhaps a great, skinny, ogling French gover-
ness; perhaps a fat, meek, fair haired clergy-
man's daughter, that has ten years older
than yourself, as a matter of course.

Never mind what it was: it is not of the
least consequence. As a general rule, noth-
ing comes of a first love; and a wise and
jolly chance it is, too; for ten to one the
object of it is unworthy, and the gratifica-
tion it would make a poor lad miserable for
life. And it has always appeared to me that
the tender passion in due season gushes in-
tenuitively out of a man's heart; and that he
loves as a bird sings or a rose blows, from
nature, and because he cannot help it. As I
have read in a Persian song-book:

"The nightingale sings in the garden;
perhaps it is a princess who hears his music."
"The rose blushes in the parterre; per-
haps it is gathered by the black cook, who
has come to cut out herbs for dinner."
Fate sports with us, my friends; women
have ruled us since the days of Adam. With
this sentiment I began, and with it will end
my chapter.

For the Journal.

The Hunter of Chill.

It was a scene of grandeur, the setting Sun
Tinged with his yellow, golden light the moun-
tain tops
Of Chill's Southern side; while far beneath
Yawned many a horrid gulf, from whose rough
sides
The black and beetling crag hung o'er the dark
abyss.
Silence reigned there save when the panthers
howl!
Called forth an answer from his distant mate,
Or waked the echoes of the mountain cliffs—
Or when the owl sent out his ominous notes
Upon the evening air.

With hurried, eager steps,
A Hunter trod through many a dark dell,
Pausing upon the brink of horrid chasms
To seek another path, down which he passed
With lightning like rapidity, and thus,
Alternately ascending and descending
The mountains rugged sides, and ever anon,
Casting towards the North an anxious glance,
For o'er the mountain tops, the thunder cloud
reared up.

Its black and horrid form; its murky folds
Making strange contrast with the gorgeous tints
Which tinged its upper edge.
O'er the Hunter pressed,
Treading the narrow pass and deep ravine
Which decked the sides of stupor high piled
pyramids.

With fearless heart and giant strength
He swung himself from cliff to cliff.
The Sun had set. The shades of evening closed
around.

On high the storm unfurled its banners.
Up to the very zenith towered the thunder cloud.
The fitful breeze moaned sadly through the val-
ley.

A pall fell on the Hunter's heart—that heart
Which heretofore had never known of fear,
And dark forebodings hurried through his mind.
But in his heart's feeling reigned
Stronger than fear, and on his brow
Calm resolution sat.
Darkness fell on the Earth; yet still
The Hunter onward sped; for now he trod
A path familiar to his feet.
Suddenly burst forth the lurid lightning.
The air was but a sheet of blinding flame.
The vale and mountain sides were lighted up
With fearful beauty.

A crash as of ten thousand worlds
Broke on the stillness, and commenced
The mighty war of elements.
The Hunter paused a moment, not in fear,
But in wonder; for in his heart there dwelt no
fear.

His thoughts were fixed upon the cottage in the
vale below;
And as he, down his lightning-lighted path
Flew with the arrow speed, a smile
Spread on his flushed and animated coun-
tenance,
As from beneath, a cheering light fell on his eye.
Shining through gloom and storm, a faithful
beacon.

The goal of all his hopes.
But in his headlong haste
He steps out upon vacancy. The lightning's
flash

Shows him the unfathomable chasm
O'er which he hangs suspended,
A vision seized him, and over his mind
Floated a vision of lovefulness. He saw
Standing beside that pleasant cottage door,
A beautiful mother and two smiling boys,
Waiting with fond anxiety for his return.
Hark! far above the howling of the storm,
His fancy hears those lovely children call
Upon his name. With a look
Of jerking agony, he turns towards that light,
And sees it shining calmly, sweetly forth
Upon the darkness. With a desperate effort
He struggles to regain the precipice.
He grasps the point of the projecting rock—
"This loose—this rotten, he has lost his hold—
He's gone—he's gone forever!"

The Dead Wife.

In comparison with the loss of a wife, all
other bereavements are trifles. The wife who
fills so large a space in the domestic
heaven, who is biased, so unweariedly
laboring for the precious souls around her—
bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold
clay! You stand beside her coffin and think
of the past. It seems an amber colored path-
way, where the sun shone upon beautiful
flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain
would the soul linger there. No thorns are
remembered above that sweet clay, save those
your hand may have unwittingly planted.
Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your in-
most sight.—You think of her now as all gen-
tleness, all beauty and purity. But she is
dead! The dear head that laid upon your
bosom, rests in the still darkness, upon a pil-
low of clay. The hands that have ministered
so untriflingly, are folded, white and cold, be-
neath the gloomy portals. The heart, whose
very best measures an eternity of love, lies
under your feet. The flowers she bent over
with smiles, bend now above her with tears,
shaking the dew from their portals, that the
verdure around her may be kept green and
beautiful.

In order to ascertain the height of an
object, a peculiar method of measurement is in
use among the Isthmian Indians. In measur-
ing the height of a tree, for instance a man
proceeds from its base to a point where, on
turning his back towards it, and putting the
head between the legs, he can just see the top;
the point where he is able to do this he
marks on the ground, and then paces the dis-
tance to the base of the tree; this distance is
equal to the height.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that
no worth known or unknown, can die, even in
this earth. The work an unknown good man
has done, is like a vein of water flowing hid-
den under ground, secretly making the ground
green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with
other veins and rivulets; one day it will start
forth as a pebble perennial well.—Carlyle.

LAW OF OHIO

(BY AUTHORITY.)

[No. 14.]

AN ACT ESTABLISHING BOARDS OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS AND PRESCRIBING THEIR DUTIES.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That there shall be established, in each organized county in this State a board of County Commissioners, to consist of three persons to be elected by the qualified electors thereof, at the annual election in October, who shall hold their offices for three years, except as hereinafter provided: and are hereby authorized and empowered to do and perform all such duties as now are, or may hereafter be required of them by law.

Sec. 2. That the Commissioners first elected in any new county in this State, shall hold their office for the term of one, two and three years; to be by them determined by lot at their first session.

Sec. 3. That whenever it becomes necessary to elect a Commissioner to fill any vacancy occasioned by death, resignation or removal, the person elected shall hold his office for the unexpired period for which his predecessor was elected, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

Sec. 4. That when it shall become necessary, in any county, to elect a County Commissioner, for the full term of three years, and at the same time, to elect one or more for a shorter period, than the full term of service, in that office, the person having the highest number of votes shall be deemed to have been elected for the longest period, and the person having the next highest number of votes shall be deemed to have been elected for the second longest period, and the person having the third largest number of votes shall be deemed to have been elected for the shortest period: provided, that when two or more candidates for that office shall have the highest and an equal number of votes, it shall be the duty of the Clerk and Justice of the Peace, who shall open and certify the returns, to determine by lot, who of such candidates shall be deemed elected, and the period for which each shall serve, not exceeding the term of service, designated by law.

Sec. 5. That whenever there shall be a vacancy in the office of County Commissioner from death, resignation, removal or any cause other than the expiration of the term for which he was elected, and the interests of the county shall require such vacancy to be filled before the next annual election, the Probate Judge, Auditor, and County Recorder of such county, or a majority of them, shall meet at the seat of justice of the county, and appoint one or more Commissioners, as the case may require, who shall continue in office until the next annual election, and until the Commissioner or Commissioners then elected, shall be qualified, and no longer; and the absence of any Commissioner from the county, for six months in succession shall be deemed a resignation of the office.

Sec. 6. That before any Commissioner shall enter upon the duties of his office he shall take an oath or affirmation, before some person authorized to administer the same, faithfully and impartially to discharge the duties of a Commissioner in the county in which he resides, and deposit a certificate thereof with the County Auditor of the proper county, to be by him filed and carefully preserved.

Sec. 7. That the Board of Commissioners, in the several counties of this State, shall be capable of suing and being sued, pleading and being impleaded, in any Court of Judicature within this State; and they are hereby authorized and required, to ask, demand and recover, by suit or otherwise, any sum or sums of money or other property, due to such county on account of advances made by them on any contract with any person or persons for the erection or repairs of any public buildings, or any other contract which, by the provisions of this act, they are authorized to enter into; and in like manner, to sue for, and recover in money, the value or amount of any labor or article of value, subscribed instead of money, to aid in erecting or repairing public buildings or bridges, where such labor or article of value, upon their requisition, shall not have been performed, delivered or paid in a reasonable time; and the moneys so recovered, in either of the above cases, shall be by them paid into the treasury of the county; and they shall take the treasurer's receipt, and file the same with the Auditor of the county.

Sec. 8. That the Board of County Commissioners shall hold four sessions annually, at the seat of justice in their respective counties, commencing on the first Mondays of March, June, September, and December, at all of which they shall transact any business which now is or may hereafter be required of them by law.

Sec. 9. That whenever a majority of the Board of County Commissioners shall meet agreeably to the provisions of this act, or on any other time when they may be by law required to meet for the transaction of business, they shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 10. That at the June session, the Commissioners shall examine and compare the accounts and vouchers of the County Auditor and Treasurer, count the funds in the treasury, and direct the Auditor to publish an exhibit of the receipts and expenditures of the past year.

Sec. 11. That the Commissioners, at any of their stated sessions, or at any extra session which they are hereby authorized to hold for the purpose, may make any necessary order or contract in relation to the buildings, finishing, furnishing or repairing the public buildings, poor houses or bridges, the improvement and enclosure of the public grounds, the maintenance and support of idiots or lunatics, or the expenditure of the three per centum fund, within their counties, and if any bridge or bridges within any county has or have been or shall become destroyed by fire, flood or any other means, the County Commissioners may contract for the rebuilding or appropriate money to the rebuilding of such bridges so destroyed, if they believe the public

interest will be subserved thereby. And said Commissioners shall levy in the same manner as other county taxes are levied in addition to the half million allowed by law to be assessed for bridge purposes, a tax sufficient to pay the sum of money they may appropriate to the rebuilding of such bridge so destroyed.

Sec. 12. That the County Commissioners be and they are hereby authorized to empower the County Auditors of their respective counties to contract for the making of such repairs or improvements on the public buildings or public grounds of their counties, as may be necessary; provided the costs of such repairs or improvements shall not exceed fifty dollars.

Sec. 13. That the County Commissioners of the respective counties shall have power to compound for, or release, in whole or in part, any debt, judgment, fine, or arrearage due to their county and for the use thereof, except in cases where they, or either of them, are personally interested; and whenever said Commissioners shall compound for, or release, in whole or in part, any debt, judgment, fine, or arrearage, as aforesaid, they shall enter upon their journal a statement of the facts in the case, and the reasons that governed them in making such release, or composition; provided, however, that it shall be unlawful for the County Commissioners of the several counties, hereafter, to compound for, remit, or release, either in whole or in part, any penalty, fine, or judgment incurred, assessed or rendered under any law to regulate or restrain the vending or giving away of spirituous liquors or the keeping of taverns.

Sec. 14. That no Commissioner shall directly or indirectly, as contractors, be concerned in any contract for work to be done or material to be furnished for the county, under the penalty of two hundred dollars, to be recovered by a civil action for the use of the county; and such Commissioner shall, moreover, forfeit any compensations he was to receive on such contract, anything in the same to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 15. That the Commissioners, or either of them, are hereby authorized and empowered to administer all oaths or affirmations necessary in discharging the duties of their respective offices.

Sec. 16. That until proper buildings are erected at the place fixed on for the permanent seat of justice in any county, it shall be the duty of the County Commissioners to provide some suitable place for holding the courts of such county.

Sec. 17. That in all cases where any bridge, or any State or county road or public building, the property of any county within the State, shall be injured or destroyed by any person or persons, it shall be the duty of the Board of County Commissioners of the proper county in which such bridge or public building is situated, to sue for and recover of such person or persons such damages as shall have accrued by reason thereof; and the money so recovered shall, when collected by the proper officer, be paid into the treasury of the proper county, and shall be appropriated by the Commissioners thereof to the repair or rebuilding of such bridge or public building.

Sec. 18. That if any person or persons shall conceive him, her, or themselves aggrieved by the decision of the County Commissioners in any case, such person or persons may, within fifteen days thereafter, appeal to the next Court of Common Pleas, notifying the commissioners of such appeal, at least ten days before the time of trial, which notice shall be in writing, and delivered personally to the Commissioners, or left with the Auditor of the county, and the said Court shall at their next session, hear and determine the same, which decision shall be final.

Sec. 19. That if any Commissioner shall be guilty of any misconduct in office, he shall on conviction thereof, by indictment before the Court of Common Pleas of the proper county, be immediately removed from office, and fined, at the discretion of said Court, in any sum not exceeding four hundred dollars, with costs, which fine shall be paid into the county treasury for the use of the county.

Sec. 20. That the act, entitled "An act establishing Boards of County Commissioners," passed March 5, 183